Miſt.Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure hee is; my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, hee ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Maſter *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity; Let me for euer be your Table-ſport; Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

Miſt.Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

Ford: A witch, a Queane
Haue I not forbid her my
do's ſhe? We are ſimple me
brought to paſſe vnder the
She workes by Charmes, by
dawbry as this is, beyond o
thing. Come downe you V
downe I ſay.

Miſ.Ford: Nay, good ſwee
let him not ſtrike the old wo

Miſ.Page. Come moth
hand.

Ford. Ile *prat*-her: Out o
Hagge, you Baggage, you P
Ile coniure you, ile fortune-t

Miſ.Page. Are you not aſh
I thinke you haue kill'd the p

Miſ.Ford. Nay hee will
you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no, I th
deede: I like not when a o'm
a great peard vnder his muff

Ford. Will you follow Ge
ſee but the iſſue of my iealo
traile, neuer truſt me when I

Page. Let's obey his hum
Come Gentlemen.

Miſ.Page. Truſt me he be

Miſ.Ford. Nay by th'Maſ
moſt vnpittifully, me though

Miſ.Page. Ile haue the cu
the Altar, it hath done meri

Miſ.Ford. What thinke y
of woman-hood, and the w
purſue him with any further

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG